Foole. Marry heere's grace and a codpis, that's a wiſeman and a foole.

Kent. Alaſſe ſir, ſit you heere?
Things that loue night, loue not ſuch nights as theſe;
The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, ſuch ſheetes of fire,
Such burſts of horrid thunder, ſuch grones of
Roring winde and raine, I nere remember
To haue heard, mans nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadfull
Thundring ore our heads, finde out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that haſt within thee
Vndivulged crimes,, vnwhipt of Iuſtice,
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou ſimular man of vertue that art inceſtious,
Caytiffe in peeces ſhake, that vnder couert
And conuenient ſeeming, haſt practiſed on mans life,
Cloſe pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry theſe dreadfull ſummoners grace,
I am a man more ſind againſt their ſinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is a houell, ſome friendſhip will it lend you gainſt the tempeſt, repoſe you there, whilſt I to this hard houſe, more hard then is the ſtone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their ſcanted curteſie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how doſt my boy, art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe, where is this ſtraw my fellow,
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange, that can
Make vilde things precious, come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart
That ſorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. He that has a little tine wit, with hey ho the winde and the raine, muſt make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine, it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell.

Enter Gloceſter, and the Baſtard with lights.

Gloſt. Alacke, alacke, *Edmund* I like not this
Vnnaturall dealing, when I deſired their leaue
That I might pitty him, they tooke from me
The vſe of mine owne houſe, chargd me on paine
Of their diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeake of him,
Entreate for him, nor any way ſuſtaine him.

Baſt. Moſt ſauage and vnnaturall. (Dukes,

Gloſt. Go too, ſay you nothing, there's a diuiſion betwixt the
And a worſe matter then that, I haue receiued
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be ſpoken,
I haue lockt the letter in my Cloſet, theſe iniuries
The King now beares, will be reuenged home;
There's part of a power already landed,
We muſt incline to the King, I will ſeeke him,
And priuily releeue him; go you and maintaine talke
With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceiued; if he aske for me, I am ill, and gone
To bed, though I die for it, as no leſſe is threatned me,
The King my old Maſter muſt be releeued, there is
Some ſtrange thing toward, *Edmund*, pray you be carefull.

Exit.

Baſt. This courteſie forbid thee, ſhall the Duke inſtantly know,
And of that letter to, this ſeemes a faire deſeruing,
And muſt draw to me that which my father loſes, no leſſe
Then all, then yonger riſes when the old do fall.

Exit.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the tirrany of the open night's too ruffe for nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter.